

Tightly gripping the steering wheel the snow leopard stamped down his anger even as he glared at the car that had cut in front of his. People should know better than this by now. Sure it had only been six or seven months since the event that had created people like him. Society as a whole was still adjusting to the sudden realization that there was now an unknown number of The Powered sprinkled among the rest of them. That knowledge should give even the most self indulgent pause, should incentivize them into becoming better citizens.

Dakota sighed and stared at the oval symbol inlaid on the airbag impeded in his steering wheel. "So what if he's an asshole. Let someone else take care of him. I'm not in the mood for the paperwork." He grumbled. Looking up he saw that the wolf asshole had moved up in line. As he moved up himself the cat saw that the two that had fallen in line behind him had refrained from honking at his delay.

By the time the wolf had moved up to the short pole where one ordered Zen no longer thought of him as an asshole. His mood hadn't yet lightened enough to stop contemplating making an adjustment to the wolf. The set of his ears still gave the barista at the window a bit of a pause. She nonetheless smiled pleasantly to him as he finally received his order. Driving off with his morning dose of liquid awareness in paw he started his commute into work. The wolf now but a distasteful nagging memory.

Walking to his office he smiled back at his coworkers. None of them had any idea what he could do. He'd never felt the desire to adjust any of them. They had after all always treated him either with respect or at least cordially. He returned several pleasant 'Good mornings.'" Sitting at his desk he got to work and forgot the self centered wolf within minutes.

During his lunch break he learned of another incident earlier in the day. Another politician had been shrunk even though he had been considered under protection. He just hummed in agreement at the speculations. He only knew he was capable of making adjustments to people. He'd only done it once, just to see if he really were one of the Powered as they were now known. Even then it had taken being pushed beyond his limits to make an example of his victim.

Early in his youth he'd learned to control his emotions. His asshole of a father had burdened him with a first name he had thought was clever. Matched with his surname and his species he'd been forced to endure a higher level of taunting growing up. Ironically he soon had started going by the shortened moniker of Zen.

Months ago, and just that once, that single instance he'd lost control and he'd had to endure hours of paperwork and evaluations to register as a Powered individual. He still had no clue how he stacked up against any of the other Powered. If the resulting size of his victim was any indication he was somewhere above average. Since then, Frozen Dakota was known to the authorities as one of The Powered.

From the water cooler discussion the hapless politico had been shrunk to about a half an inch tall. Zen couldn't help but hum his interest at that detail. For one of the Powered to overcome the protection of another they reportedly had to be stronger than the protector. He had been able to shrink his own victim to under a quarter of an inch without even exerting more than a whim compared to his full potential. It made him wonder just how large of a macro he could create, or become.

He smiled again at the idea. Sure, The Powered could grow or shrink themselves and many chose to grow often. It seemed a recreational thing for most of them. During his forced registration he had been cautioned on the possible consequences of growing and doing undue damage. That had been months ago, back in the early days. Now there was a system set up where each occurrence of macroism was followed with inquiries and hearings and far too much close association with the multiple layers of bureaucracy Zen simply refrained. So far.

The rest of the day went fairly normally for him. Once back home he relaxed and set the television to a news channel. There was little more on the newly diminutive senator. There was a bit of speculation on the power of the individual that had done the deed. Zen turned the set off as comparisons and accusations began to be thrown from left and right. He really was trying to avoid temptation. Staring at the blank screen he thought about his increasing tendency of thinking how it would be to become well known as one of the Powered. To be known as unstoppable. To be a macro, even if only for recreation. Or to be able to stomp a condemned building flat and collect on a hefty demolition commission.

His eyes moved to where he kept his victim's bowl. Zen could just make out the tiny ferret staring back at him. "Fuck it." He said as he stood.

Walking over to look down through the opening he watched the ferret retreat back into the small matchbox he'd given the male to use as a house. "I'm tired of taking care of you. If you at least promise not to fuck with other people's shit like you tried with mine, I'll return you to normal."

The tiny male practically raced out of his hiding place and one again started begging to be set free and returned to normal. Zen saw his clothes were still intact after so long but showing even more signs of being constantly worn. It was unavoidable after being shrunk in but a single pair of clothes he thought with a smirk forming. After a few seconds of the snow leopard grinning down at him as he groveled the ferret went to his knees.

Rolling his eyes at the ignominious display the feline said "Stop it before I change my mind." Picking up the fishbowl he carried it toward the door for all of three steps. Mumbling to himself he asked "What the fuck am I doing?"

Adjusting his grip on the glass he stared down and said "Get in your matchbox. I'm not carrying this stupid thing around."

With frantic nods and exaggerated bows of compliance he raced back to the small box and disappeared inside. Dakota reached in and slid the inner half of the box within the outer sealing the tiny ferret within. Carrying the bowl in one hand and stuffing the matchbox in his shirt pocket he made his way to the door. On the way to his car he dropped the bowl next to the trash cans at the side of his house. In his car he backed out of his driveway and headed toward the nearest police station.

Walking inside the station he was largely ignored. Most of the cops in attendance were dealing with an unruly pair of wolves that had clearly had too much to drink for the night. He waited almost crossing his arms across his chest in his impatience. He remembered his tiny passenger just in time. Once they had the pair hustled to the back the snow leopard became the center of attention. With the wolves dispatched there were four uniformed cops left loitering in the front of the station. Zen stepped up to the typical tall front desk he had seen in numerous movies.

The tiger behind the high counter took a moment to stare down at him. With one elbow on his desk and held up to cup his chin in his palm the larger cat asked "Can I help you?" His voice held little interest but plenty of condescension.

He suddenly cared little for the cop's attitude. "Not much, not really." Zen answered as he pulled out the small matchbox. Setting the box on the counter he added "I'm letting this little one go. As I understand it, they need to be reported as returned to circulation."

The tiger set the pen he'd had in his free paw down as he leaned back away from the smaller cat. The entire front area of the station had fallen silent at the announcement. Zen looked around. There was a definite look of fear on every face that stared back at him.

The tiger's eyes moved from Dakota's face to the small box and back. "I, uh, I apologize sir," the tiger stammered out clearly doing his best at holding his place. By the look on his face the cat looked like he just may have soiled himself.

Zen sighed at the display and reached back up and took the box. "Fine, I'll set him down on the floor for you. He can answer all your stupid questions for himself."

Standing back from the box he paused and watched with the rest in the station as the box seemed to open by itself. Once the slit between the two halves was wide enough the tiny ferret stepped out into view of everyone. Zen heard a few hushed expletives at the sight of the fractional male. He was about to exercise his power when the tiger stepped around the desk to watch from closer.

Looking at the ferret Dakota sensed his power flow under his will. He hadn't remembered it feeling this good, the expression of his will hadn't felt this strong that first time. The ferret visibly grew, it seemed almost rapid. In just seconds he was a foot tall. Everyone's eyes were on the growing male. At two feet the ferret looked down at the matchbox and with a grin stepped on it, crushing it flat and grinding it into the floor. He didn't stop his display of triumph until he'd grown past three feet high.

The male continued growing. Past four feet and closing on five and no one in the room spoke or made a sound. Zen hadn't remembered the male's original size and so had guessed. He also had only intended to add just a slight amount of muscle to the male. His conscious had been working on him for weeks and he'd decided to recompense the male for his incarceration. His already tattered clothes were succumbing to the ferret's growing size exposing even more of his growing body. As the ferret neared six feet and filled in to the build of a professional athlete he felt he'd overdone things just a bit.

Zen watched as his former victim's growth stopped just shy of his own height but obviously far stronger. "That's for the trouble. Remember though, don't fuck with other people's shit," he said pointing an accusing finger at the ferret.

The male nodded rapidly stepping back away from him. "Yes, sir. Never again, sir." He promised as he backed behind the tiger. The male was now of a size he could barely hide behind the slightly larger tiger, but was still clearly terrified of the snow leopard.

"Good." Zen said as he turned to go. Glancing around he thought it likely no one was entertaining the idea of stopping him for the expected series of questions. Even as he walked to his car no one had the nerve to poke their head out of the station. He drove away from the curb without seeing anyone come from the station and wondered at what he considered an overreaction.

Instead of home he turned toward the desert. There had been something he'd been wanting to do for some time but he'd held himself in check. He now knew, seven months after gaining his Power that as long as he took the trouble to experiment in a secluded area and caused no deaths or major amounts of damage no one would bother him about it. It was widely reported that many of the Powered had frequently done just what he intended to do tonight. As had become grudgingly accepted, such things were considered recreational. None dared tell any of The Powered to end such fairly harmless activities. As the miles wound on his mind wandered over what else had become known about his kind.

The obvious was the most important. Normals couldn't hurt them. Only a stronger Powered could have any affect on another and even then it tended to be somewhat limited. Very early on there had been several duels between Powered individuals. It had come to light that any victor had to be much stronger than their victims to even begin to overcome the natural resistance of another's Power. It was now common knowledge. The shrunken senator from earlier in the day was by extension only the most recent example of that.

The extent of an individual's power could also be gaged by the scope of effect they had on their victims or subjects. Zen smiled to himself at the now commonly known distinction. If one was shrunken they tended to be called victims. Those that had been grown were referred to as subjects. He turned off the highway with the thought he was about to become his own subject. He drove past a rural mailbox a couple hundred yards from the highway. A dozen yards after that the road turned to gravel forcing him to slow further.

Zen stopped after about a half mile and shut off the engine. Stepping from his vehicle and giving himself some space he scanned the area. Low brush and little else met his eyes. The small house that belonged to the mailbox was off in the distance with no lights on. Everything around him was bathed in cold pale moonlight and still, waiting. Zen took a deep breath in preparation, he was ready.

Exerting his will on his own form he watched the world around him start to drop lower in his sight. He frowned a bit at the lack of sensation, he didn't feel any different at all. The only way he could tell anything was happening was his change in perspective. Zen focused on his car.

Slowly it dropped lower and smaller in his sight. Soon the roof was down at knee height and continued to drop lower. About the time his SUV dropped down around his ankle he noticed his clothes were getting tighter on him. Looking at himself he saw that much like the ferret he was gaining muscle. He'd not meant to change his proportions and yet he was gaining a fairly good deal of new muscle throughout his body. Feeling a certain intimate area he found even his male hood was also sharing in the unexpected gains.

Becoming a bit distracted by the discoveries he failed to notice when he stopped growing larger. Feeling himself as he continued stretching out far longer and thicker than normal within his straining slacks Zen finally looked around. Everything seemed to have dropped much lower. His car was right up against his paw. Now it looked smaller than the ferret's matchbox. Adjusting his larger male hood for comfort he crouched lower to take a look and marveled at the comparative size of his SUV.

Making a quick calculation he guessed he was well over six hundred feet tall. Examining himself further he was also far more muscled than the ferret had become. He wondered if his subconscious had affected his proportions as he grew. If so, he'd readily accepted it. He grinned at the thought that he had exerted his Power even less than with the ferret and yet here he stood massive beyond all but his wildest dreams.

This truly was one of his long held secret fantasies come true. Standing and unzipping his trousers he began truly pleasuring himself. Who was to stop him? He'd heard that only the strongest of macros could reach this size. Even his cock had taken on the proportions of fantasy. Massive and thick he felt diamond hard, and wonderfully heavy and robust in his own paws. A thought came to him and he followed through with it suddenly not caring of the consequences.

Opening his eyes from pushing hard against the very limits of his Power he looked about himself. Again the world was dropping lower. He continued stroking his once again growing length. He felt something against the fur of his paw and carefully stepped away from his tiny vehicle. He'd rather not have to walk all the way back.

Still he felt nothing physically, other than excitement at the vast measure of his Power. There was none of the long imagined sense of his strength increasing, no feeling of his growing might even though just one look at himself told otherwise. There still was, much as with the ferret the sight of his clothes loosing the battle against his growing frame. Splits and rents were forming along several seams of his shirt where hard strong muscle won the battle. The metal teeth of his open fly dug into his also growing balls as he continued to stroke his massive length. With a bit of self control he refrained from totally destroying his clothes.

With a satisfying pulse of liquid fire from his center his monstrous cock erupted. He watched as his issue splashed across the landscape. It looked almost luminescent and shone pale ivory in the moonlight. Arc after arc slammed into the landscape in front of him until his climax came to an end. Standing above the world he surveyed his surroundings. He could see the roads leading away from him almost like he were standing on a giant darkened roadmap. Tiny beads of headlights and denser strings of buildings spread away from him like glistening spiderwebs of light.

It took him several seconds to spot his car at his feet. He'd been dangerously close to crushing the tiny machine just from his growth expanding his foot over it. The once distant house was comparative inches away from the side of his other foot. His stance alone was in the neighborhood of half a mile wide. Zen was having trouble calculating his current size. He just might be massive beyond the ability of any of the other Powered. Even if not, there was likely none that could threaten him with harm at his level of Power. With a smirk on his face he stuffed his half flaccid length back in his far too tight trousers. He'd learned enough for now.

Exerting his will again he closed his eyes. He'd be rather disappointed in watching the world under him grow larger and closer right now. He frowned and after a time reopened his eyes. His clothes were still straining against his frame. Looking away from himself Zen saw he was indeed dropping in height even as he was surprisingly maintaining his over muscled physique. He mentally shrugged at the feel of his cock maintaining its overlarge shape within the stressed fabric of his trousers. Back, or at least close to his original size he walked back to his car. It took almost a minute to cross the distance his foot had so recently covered. Everything in the vicinity was crushed to a fine powder. It felt as though he were walking in a deep bed of talcum.

Reaching his vehicle he climbed in and started it up. Navigating his way carefully between large pools of pearly luminescence on his way back to the highway he started his return trip home.